

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

(For the New Northwest.) Lines to a Friend.

BY ISOLA WORTH. You want to know what lights have played Along the pathway of my life—

And I've mingled in the strife Which we are told by sagest friends Each heart on earth will surely meet,

And I've tried long years to smother This great grief that came to me.

My childhood was, like many others, Careless, happy, light and free,

Most sacred are those when harmony blends The nobler thoughts which the mind unfolds.

With those of our chosen and oft-tried friends; And many bright pictures doth memory bring

Of hours thus spent with those I hold dear, Brightly evoked with the hazy affection's glow.

Of the friends whom I have trusted Some are dead, and some there be Whose hearts the cares of earth have rusted,

And these are worse than death to me, For the bitterest, keenest sorrow That my heart hath ever received

Is when I have trusted others, And have found myself deceived.

Now you know that I have tasted Of life's joys and sorrows too, Mingled as they were and true.

All of my life's pathway through; But the heart grows warm and tender Through the sorrows we may see,

And I feel that God in wisdom Sends life's changes thus to me.

JUDITH REID; A Plain Story of a Plain Woman.

(Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. A. J. Dunaway, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.)

Sleep did not visit my weary couch that night. A presentiment of some coming calamity seemed to settle upon me like a pall.

My mind was vividly awake and seemed illuminated by some airy, indescribable substance that filled the whole apartment.

Never before had I experienced anything like it, and I mention it here in the hope that science may some day explain it.

If the impressions upon my brain on that never-to-be-forgotten night could have been gathered in a volume as they occurred, the compilation would be a marvelous production of ideal fancies.

A vivid line of light ran through the fast receding years. I was a morbid, listless, nervous child again.

In the little log loom-house I saw my mother toil as in the olden time, and at the mountain of burr-matted wool I pulled and picked, while the interminable Indian summer days dragged on their drowsy lengths.

MRS. A. J. DUNAWAY, Editor and Proprietor.

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A FEW WORDS FOR THE MEN.

BY M. M. MILLER.

riely arose, explaining to the children that the girl had been impertinent and I had discharged her.

If I only had been wise enough to have taken my children into full confidence, explaining to them my meeting in the grove with Dr. Armstrong and the fact that he had communicated to me a secret and important matter, I would have saved us all much trouble.

A child's perception of right is generally safe; but while people are so unphilosophical as to shut themselves out from the genial counsels of these blessed monitors they will make just such mistakes. Ah, me! The world has many things to learn.

Unused to the fatigue of housework as I had recently become, I was nervous, fretted and tired out when the last dish was washed, the last floor swept and all my children safely off to school or business.

I dropped myself all weary and unstrung into my easy chair to finish up a promised article for my publisher. The most up-hill drudgery I ever undertake to accomplish in my life is this compulsory composition.

After prodigious labor, which exhausted brain and body, I finished my task and threw myself back in the chair to rest. Again an unaccountable lightness illuminated the apartment, and I sat there seeing things of which I feel to-day that it is not meet for me to speak.

I wondered if I were sane. I knew my mother would have called me crazy.

A post boy entered, bringing a letter. As I broke the seal the limpid light rested on my hands and settled upon the paper. I knew just where the letter came from and the news it would contain, and when I read, it seemed but a repetition of what I had known before.

"My Dear Judith:—Do you remember how and where I first beheld you? What an untamed, fiery, yet odd and crudely beautiful creature you were, with your gazelle-like eyes, your grotesque dress, your originality of thought and your glorious face! I had no thought that day that you would become to me at once my hope and my despair, my blessing and my curse, my joy and yet my grief; but all of this you have long been to me, and yet, after all these years, I love you with that fervor and purity which would cause me—could I but be not to die for you, for that sacrifice would avail you naught, but to live for you, which, in my estimation, is a much more sensible way for a man to show his regard."

"Your letter is so strange and remarkable! Just exactly like you, however, and just what I might have expected, yet it did not please me. There is not one spark of tenderness in its pages, and yet how could I look for such an exhibition when I reflect that after all my conduct may yet be a mystery and you may yet regard me as a convict, worthy of the gibbet."

"Now, Judith, if I do not meet you on the plane of sentimentality it is not because my love is cold, but because I know you will not be wooed like other women, and I must talk with you hereafter on the plane of common sense."

"Through an unfortunate compilation of circumstances I once did you a great wrong, which I explained to you months afterwards in a letter that I caused to be left under the boulder which made our seat in the dear bower by the Falls. Did you get that letter, Judith mine? As I fear you did not receive it I will tell you all."

"I have a nephew, a near relative of a man who has been to you both friend and enemy. This nephew is a child of shame, the unfortunate victim of adverse circumstances. He is publicly disowned by his father; his unhappy mother died in an asylum, and in my young days he dogged my steps and depended upon me for money. He is very nearly my own age and his resemblance to me is, rather was, so striking (my hair has been for many years as white as wool, while his is black and coarse) that he was easily mistaken for me when he chose to so represent himself."

"On the evening of that never-to-be-forgotten day when you became my wife he came to me in great trepidation, saying the officers of justice were upon his track and he must have some money. I felt a constant fear that he would bring the family disgrace prominently before the public by some reckless act. His father had often given him money, but he had grown obstinate, he said, and refused further remittances. So in his last resort he came to me. Said he: 'His father's got up a discussion about you and old Reid's Wild Cat down at the corner grocery. Two fellows have offered to bet a handsome sum that you could go and marry her.'"

"Well, what of it?" said I, indignantly, for you know that our elopement had been all arranged.

"Well, I told 'em I'd bet five hundred dollars that, if you did marry her, you'd take her back to the old man's gate and ride off and leave her. John Smith lent me the money and we've put up the stakes."

"I am ashamed of all this, Judith, but was then a moral coward. I was weak enough to yield, as by winning this wager I could furnish the poor boy with

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and arranging my apparel with every regard for beauty and neatness, I fastened upon the drapery which enveloped me a neat, stately, tasteful bow of multi-colored and prettily expected before a male comissieur.

"Go to your room and take off that bow," he said contemptuously. "Do you imagine a Fair Ground a fit and proper place to wear anything nice? Who do you think can tell what color that ribbon is after you have worn it in the dust and disorder of the Fair Ground for two hours? You should wear at this Fair the plainest clothing and something that will wash."

Only the writer of "Notes Taken at the Fair" can imagine my feelings of regret and sadness as I took off my bow and laid it mournfully away. Sympathy is sweet, and it is a splendid thing to meet kindred spirits, but I must confess that I was surprised to find in any man living that distaste and horror of wearing things unbecoming, which I had always been led to believe was felt only by frivolous woman.

I would just as soon have looked for a Bengal tiger to step from his native forest and lace my foot strings as to have expected man, with his lofty, scorn of trifles, to come forth from his labyrinth of grand thoughts and defend, or indirectly uphold, woman in her petty vanity.

But we properly appreciate all these things and, as I said before, we must not, in the new regime, utterly neglect man. We must remember that he has rights that must be respected. I do not like to see a man imposed upon by a woman. It does not seem in the order of things for the weaker to oppress the stronger; and to see a vine running over an oak—now here I am afraid my logic is erratic, for vines do run over oaks in the woods and in poetry. And right here, apropos, let me say that a little scientific investigation in regard to these "climbing vines" discovers the fact that they must be allowed to twine in one certain way, and that way they will indicate themselves.

If you attempt to train a bean vine to the right or left (I forget which) you will ruin it, and see *verona* of the hop vine. The poetic "climbing vine" I take to be the ivy, but the everyday domestic vine must not interfere with the tendrils of the ivy, and those men who are bent on making bean-poles of themselves must be sure they are bent the right way and carry it out on scientific principles.

If their vines shall twine about, in a perfectly natural way, in the direction of their pockets, absorbing the richness thereof, they must not oppose them lest thereby they injure their beauty and utterly destroy them.

But, as I said before, I do not like to see man oppressed by woman, and wherever I know of a single case of this description I will not stand calmly by. But with all my enthusiasm what can I do?

There are not finer poems in our language, more rich in fancy or wonderful in construction than "I am dying, Egypt, dying," and W. A. Story's "Cleopatra." But who has been inspired by the virtues of Octavia? Not even Antony. Maybe her children got up and called her blessed, but the chances are that they did not. From this it will be seen that the sympathies of men of fine emotion have not been with the Octavias. In the logical course of things our sympathies would not be with the masculine Octavias.

But we do sympathize with all men whose wives and female guardians are obstreperous and naughty and tyrannical; but, as I said before, what can we do? When a man has everything on his side, law, custom, divine authority and physical strength, and then tamely submits to tyranny, it looks as though he rather enjoys it, and we feel as though a tender of our sympathy would be almost like interfering with family affairs. I should not like to be the one to attempt to rouse him up to a sense of the injustice done him any way.

To come back to the affair of wearing badges at the Fair, since man admits that it is fair to wear them provided they are fair to look upon, although it concerns not the fair sex, it does concern the Fair people, and my sympathies are widely awakened. I feel that it is a question that should awaken the sympathies of my sex. Whether it would be right to throw my influence as a streak of sunlight with the man who yearns to wear a "thing of beauty" on his coat, and thus encourage a spirit of vanity in the sex, or whether I should frown down all such demonstrations of what may be only petty pride after all, is a question which I am morally, mentally and physically unable to decide; ergo, be it understood that I venture no opinion and say nothing at all about it.

SALEM, Oct. 25, 1871.

The following is the conclusion of an epitaph on a tombstone: "She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit in the full hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of twenty-one years, seven months, and sixteen days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

An old farmer, who was asked by an impertinent attorney if there were any pretty girls in his neighborhood, answered: "Yes, sir, lots of 'em; so many that they can't all find respectable husbands, and lately some of 'em's been taken up with lawyers."

Black silk aprons are coming into fashion again.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This department of the NEW NORTHWEST is to be a general vehicle for exchange of ideas concerning any and all matters that may be legitimately discussed in our columns.

Finding it practically impossible to answer each correspondent by private letter, we adopt this mode of communication to save our friends the disappointment that would otherwise accrue from our inability to answer their queries.

We cordially invite everybody that has a question to ask, a suggestion to make, or a scolding to give to contribute to the Correspondents' Column.

Mrs. E. A. C., Nehalem: Sent your premium. Have you received it? Please let us know.

A. F., Springfield, Ill.: Yes. A great many people are now coming to Oregon, the future Empire State of this far-off Western coast.

If, as you say, you're dissatisfied with your present locality, we think you will very likely be pleased with our State. Our winters are a little rainy—on which account our citizens are dubbed "Webfeet"—but not so much so as is usually represented.

There are no drouths here, however, which compensates abundantly for the little inconvenience some may experience on account of our "Oregon mist." Our summers are delightful in the extreme. Times are prosperous. Railroads are being constructed through the State. The spirit of improvement pervades everywhere. Farmers realize a handsome price for the wheat crop of this year, which will bring more money into our State than ever before.

Miss G. W. C. wants to know whether there is any chance for her to engage in business or procure a clerkship in Portland. Certainly, if you are possessed of the necessary business education. Women must qualify themselves to fill positions in business circles the same as men do if they wish to succeed.

That women are capable of successfully conducting business has been abundantly proved, and employers are well aware of the fact.

Miss J. W. M.: Let him go, and forget it all. You should be thankful that you found him out so soon, instead of waiting for the disclosure to come when it would have been too late to have separated. There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

ABROUPEL MET.—A correspondent of the Herald and Presbyterian, writing from Minnesota, tells the following story: "I have picked up a 'little story' which I think too good for the disbelievers of the people in churches to be lost. A presiding elder of the United Brethren Church was preaching in this same neighborhood, and was much annoyed by persons talking and laughing. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, 'I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat just before me was constantly laughing, talking and making unbecomingly grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the services one of the official members came and said to me, 'Brother—, you made a great mistake. That young man you reprimanded is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot.' During the rest of that service at least there was good order."

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON INTEREST.—No bluster, blarney or bombast is comparable to that of interest. It works all day and night, in fair weather and foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its filim, as a fly is bound over a spider's web. Debts roll a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him. There is but one thing on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarms new plants every time you break its roots, whose blossoms are prolific and every flower the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field of them like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than to be at ease upon interest.

OUR ANCESTORS.—Talk about necessity, a writer, who seems to have had the time, as well as the curiosity, gives the following: "Every human being on the face of the globe is compelled, by the laws of nature, to have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, 16 in the fourth generation back, 32 in the fifth, 64 in the sixth, 128 in the seventh, almost 1,050,000 in the twentieth, and nearly 1,075,000,000 in the thirtieth. The whole number of one's ancestors in the fiftieth generation is 5,262,784,014,214,046, a multitude which no man can number and no mind can conceive. The blood of this vast host is running through the veins of every mortal on the earth, and that reckoning back only fifty generations."

LIVER AS FOOD.—The California Scientific Press says: "We cannot too strongly denounce the use of liver and kidneys as food for men. These organs are constantly charged with the worn out, excrementitious matter of the system, the presence of which, when rightly understood, are disgustingly offensive to the taste. The presence is evinced by the fact that the presence of an animal is always the first subject of an analysis. They make very good food for hens and dogs, but for man—never!"

When a person says "he wouldn't give a fig for a thing," does he speak figuratively?

Miniature Women.

We do not know when our feelings have been so touched with pity as at a spectacle witnessed Sunday or two ago. It was a day to tempt even an atheist to some recognition of a Supreme Being.

The religiously inclined could not resist its calm, bright invitation to go to the house of God, and give thanks to him for the beauty of earth and heaven. It chanced that the Sunday school was still in session as we entered the nave of an open church, and while waiting through its closing exercises, there was an opportunity for the inviting study of young children's faces.

Looking about among the rows of sparkling eyes and mobile features, the vision was suddenly arrested by the ornate toilettes of a couple of sisters, for, although strangers, the perfect uniformity of their dress indicated them to be sisters. Crinoids and curled, and braided, the hair of these misses was a marvel of intricate arrangement, which set one hopelessly wondering how much patient and irksome labor before the mirror had been spent in its adjustment. Mounted above it, and tipped low down over the forehead, was a miracle of the milliner's art of ribbons and flowers, and velvet. Their white muslin dresses were elaborately decorated with light and high-browed sashes at the waist, and enlivened with scarf, laces, chains and brooches at the throat. The faces set in the midst and overshadowed by all this lavishly adorned were small, pale, and had a suspicious suggestion of powder and the puff-box in their elaborate whiteness. Delicate, dwarfed and precocious, these miniature women looked of no more use in the world than a couple of forced, fragile flowers. It was impossible to guess their ages from any hint in their attire or expression. They might be ten or twelve, and they might be eighteen or twenty. Only one thing about them was positive: they were fashionable.

The freshness, simplicity and frankness of young girlhood was entirely obliterated. When they arose at the dismissal of school and passed down the aisle, their bent figures, humped backs and mincing steps declared the finishing absurdity of light shoes and high heels, while their conscious air and artificial manner completed the painful picture. They were girls of the period.

And many of the girls were growing up all over our own land, with the expectation of fulfilling the destiny of womanhood, and becoming wives and mothers! The men who are to marry such had far better think twice—and then decline.—Chicago Post.

BABIES.—We love little babies, and love everybody who does love babies. No man has music in his soul who don't love babies. Babies were made to be loved, especially girl babies when they grow up. A man isn't worth a chuck who hasn't a baby, and the same rule applies to woman. A baby is a spring-day in winter; a ray of sunshine in frigid winter, and if it is healthy and good natured, and you're sure it's yours, it is a bushel of sunshine, no matter how cold the weather. A man cannot be a hopeless case so long as he loves babies, one at a time. We love babies all over, no matter how dirty they are.

Babies were born to be dirty. We love babies because they are lovable and because the mothers are lovable and lovely women. Our love for babies is only bounded by the number of babies in the world. We always look for babies, we do, with anxiety and parental affection; we do not mind if we always have sorrowful feelings for mothers that have no babies and don't expect any.

Women always look down-hearted who have no babies, and mothers who have no babies always gumble and drink whisky, and stay out nights trying to get music in their souls; but they can't come it. Babies are babies and nothing can take their place. They play and good living plays out, unless there's a baby in the house. We've tried it; we know, and we say there's nothing like a baby.—Exchange.

If we could only read each other's hearts, we should be kinder to each other. If we knew the woes and bitterness and physical annoyance of our neighbors, we should make allowance for them which we do not make. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentences, hiding our heart-pangs and head-aches as carefully as we can; yet we wonder that they do not discover them, and we wonder that we do not conceal our resentments and our dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Life is a masquerade at which few unmask even to their nearest friends. And though there is need of much masking, would to heaven we dared to show our real faces from birth to death, for then some few would love each other.

LIVING BEYOND THEIR MEANS.—Bulwer says poverty is only an idea. In nine cases out of ten, it is not real. A \$10,000 a year suffer more for want of means than others with \$500. The reason is the richer man has artificial wants. His income is \$10,000 a year, and he suffers enough, he being damned for unpaid debts, to kill sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not go in debt, is the happiest of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this; but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace; there is more real happiness among the workmen of the world than among those who are called rich.

A gentleman in Iowa who recently became the father of a fine boy, and who naturally deemed it the handsomest child ever born, thought he saw a chance to gain a reputation for liberality without the expenditure of any money. So he offered a premium of \$100 for the prettiest baby that should be exhibited at the approaching fair, no doubting that the judges must award the prize to his own. There were nine entries, comprising seven white and two negroes, and one of the negro babies gained the premium.

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" asked a lawyer of his client. "Did you?" "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the devil." "And what did you do then?" "Why, I came to you."

A Pennsylvania jury found two men "not guilty," in spite of their pleas of "guilty." The jury couldn't believe their word.